Licensed,

February 17. 168⅞.

Ro. L'Estrange.

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MULTUM IN PARVO:

Lately come to

TOWN.

WITH SOME

REFLECTIONS

UPON

His Majesties Late REGULATORS;

OR,

(As some do call them,)

The Booted Apostles.

With some other Observations, not unworthy (at this present juncture) any true *English* Man's Perusal.

By *T. P.* An Orthodox and Loyal Protestant, though by some Nick-named,

A Latitudinarian Trimmer.

London, Printed in the Year, 1688.

SOME REFLECTIONS UPON

His Majeſties late REGULATORS, &c.

THeſe Regulators ſome think were to Blame,
And a great Blot unto their Chriſtian Name,
As they were ſuch: But we deny the Fact,
And here declare, it was a Noble Act,
And truly Loyal, for their Country's Good,
When once they are, but fairly Underſtood:
(Though we have hear'd them much Traduc'd by thoſe
Who can't diſtinguiſh between *Doves* and *Crows*)
What was their Aim, or what was their Intent
In this Affair. Only a PARLIAMENT
To get and Sit, as ſhould with them all bring
A Healing Spirit to our Lord and KING;
Who did declare ſo juſt and fair that he
Would give to all true Chriſtian Liberty.
And if the Country would Elect ſuch Men,
And them Return for his great Council, then
Whatever they (as *Sages*) ſhould Debate
For *England's* Good, both in the Church and State,

He freely would concur with all his Heart,
Provided that His Subjects might not Smart
After his Death, when mounted up on High,
There to enjoy a Vaſt ETERNITY.
This was his Care, and this was his Deſire,
To quench the Flames of that Unchriſtian Fire,
By which his Subjects had been Scorch'd to Death,
And ſtill will be, ſo long as *ſome* have Breath.
If Laws won't Bind us, what will Bind us then?
Unleſs it be a Force of Armed Men,
Who know no Laws, but all our Rights devour;
The longeſt Sword, to them creates a Power.
This is the Mode, and this the curſed Fate,
When Armed Men do rule the Church and State.
Heavens keep us all in Safety from all ſuch,
Whether *Engliſh French*, or *hogan mogan Dutch*.
But when good Laws are made with one Conſent,
By *Prince* and *People*, in a PARLIAMENT;
And theſe Good Laws extend to all Degrees,
And none of them are mix'd with *Sower Lees*.
Of **Penal Statutes**, to Oppreſs all ſuch
As will not go unto their Pariſh-Church;
And after this, the Prince will keep up ſtill
His Armed Force, and Rule by his own Will;
In ſuch a Caſe, the *Prince* is much to Blame,
But till that's done, we muſt not all cry Shame.
Our preſent *Prince* of all the *Norman* Race,
Is come the neareſt to the Chriſtian Pace.

who

Who ever promis'd Liberty before,
As he hath done; their Conduct was to Gore
Their quiet Subjects, by that ugly Fate,
Truth to Defend, by Knock down Laws of State.
His Conduct is, That Liberty may ſtand
Like *Mead* and *Perſian* Laws within his Land
That ſo great Truth may get the Upper-hand.
Which doubtleſs will, when we do all agree
To joyn with him for Chriſtian Liberty.
And to be plain, we muſt now here declare
We may Bleſs God for ſuch a Chriſtian Heir
As he hath ſent us to aſcend the Throne,
For by his mild and gentle Hand alone,
(Though back'd with Human Force) he doth begin
In this our Iſle to pluck the Man of Sin
Out of his Throne and may he ſtill ſucceed:
(Of ſuch a *Prince* we never had more need)
And ſo make way for a more Chriſtian State
Which ſhall Treat all without a Broken Pate,
Ho *Anti-chriſtos* then will have Jeck Mate.
Once *England*'s Prince with Reſolution Bold,
When he was King, the *Pope* himſelf Cajol'd,
Shook off the *Mitre* from his Supream Head,
And ſent it Home to *Tyber* unto Bed:
No more to Lodge within his Royal Bower,
Becauſe all Stuff and *Anti-chriſtian* Power.
So our Great Prince had he not broke the Ice,
Some Dog-Stars ſtill would here have rul'd the Dice.

A Second *Cyrus!* By his great Command
To Build God's Temple in our Chriſtian Land;
VVhich was demoliſh'd then from time to time,
VVhen *Chriſtian Truths* by *Laws* were made a *Crime:*
And did declare (we knew) to Maſter *Pen*,
His Judgment was a Freedom to all Men,
In Sacred things; which was ſo fair and juſt,
That in that word Our ſelf did put our Truſt,
And many more of our moſt Noble Crew
Though all Nick-nam'd, are *Proteſtants true Blew*;
And all ſhall own that we are truly Loyal,
If once the King of us ſhould make but Tryal.
And thoſe that will not joyn in ſuch a Plot,
May all their Names for ever Die and Rot:
But if he was Impos'd upon in this,
Let *Jeſuits* Pay for their own Rods in Piſs.
If underneath themſelves did lay a Snake,
Shall we blame *Cæſar* for ſuch Villains ſake?
Let them now ſuffer in the name of *Jove*,
But to our King let us return in Love:
And if a Crime in theſe our Booted Men,
Inſtead of one, we wiſh there had gone ten.
And if a greater Force now ſet us Free,
And ſhall redeem us from CAPTIVITY,
Still thank our King and his great **Orange-Tree.**
Next under God, though to ſome People Strange,
For in Extreams God often works a Change:
When Orphans Cries and Widdows Tears do hap,
Then *Jove* ſends down his mighty Thunder-clap

For their Relief, and many Sturdy Oaks
Muſt then fall down at ſuch great Thunder-ſtroaks.
Thoſe that here firſt with their ſtrong Lyons Paws
Did Tear from us our Liberties and Laws;
Gave up our *Charters*, and Betray'd their Truſt,
Theſe are the Men of all Men ſure that muſt
Now pay the Baker, none can them Defend;
Our Regulators were the Nations Friend:
And what they did in their progreſſive Round,
Was to get Members True, Sincere and Sound:
And if the Country now ſend ſuch as theſe,
We fear them not, for they will give us Eaſe.
No more expoſe us to the Rage of ſome
Who would Enſlave us till the day of Doom:
We know them well, and to be plain, are ſuch
Who now look Pale by reaſon of the *Dutch*
Upon our Coaſt, (and in our Land beſide)
To ſee them Sail both with the Wind and Tide:
Nay ſome do fear they ſhall be made ſo Free,
To take their Swing upon that Soveraign Tree
VVhich Cures Men of all their Frantick Fits
Before they run ſtark mad out of their Wits.
We wiſh our Muſe were not Prophetical
At this Conjuncture, ſome cry Hang up all;
Though we do hope, if ſome ſhall pay the Score,
'Twill make Attonement for ten Thouſand more.
We wiſh it may, *Trimmers* are not for Blood,
But for all things of Univerſal Good.

Her's

Here's *Multum in parvo* for that noble Race,
Though Honeſt *Roger* did them ſo Diſgrace;
Trimmers were worſe Men in that Tory Day
Than *Popiſh Prieſts*, or *Dutch men* at *Tor-Bay*.
Our Truſty Friend did then ſo ſet them out,
Nothing would ſerve him but a total Rout
Of all ſuch Men, who then were down the Wind;
But ſince got up, Remember EHVER KYND,
What he then told them, when at loweſt Ebb,
Their *Tory* Actions were a Spider's Webb.
They ran ſo faſt for to Advance the *Pope*,
And would not ſtop, till they had Crack'd the Rope
Was not Aſham'd to tell them to their Face,
Their Church's Cauſe they would (at laſt) Diſgrace:
Though for his Pains they call'd him Fool and Aſs:
Pray ask them now how much is come to paſs.
So Honeſt *Baies*, who then did ſwear ſo high,
May now ſit down and ſing ſweet Lullaby;
Lullaby Baby, Lullaby Baby,
Lullaby Baby, ſweet Lullaby.
Nay in thoſe times our Friend declar'd ſo plain,
In his Dogmatick and Burleſquing Strain, &c.
It was impoſſible for *Whigs* to ſee
In *England* more a year of *Jubilee*.
He was a Prophet when he Soar'd ſo high,
But what he's now God only knows not I.
But yet we'll do him all the Right we can,
By reaſon now he is a helpleſs Man;

His

His Aged years do now come on ſo faſt,
It is impoſſible he long ſhould laſt.
His Hoary Head ſhould move us all to Pity,
For by his Hand God hath preſerv'd our City,
And Country too, as we could make it out,
But muſt reſerve it for another Bout.
In the mean while God Bleſs his Aged years,
And keep us all from Jealouſies and Fears:
Though there was none when he did uſe to write;
When ſome appear'd, he bid us all Good night.
Thanks to his Worſhip for the Care he took,
When moſt in Danger, then to Cloſe his Book;
Left Church and State together in the Lurch,
And yet remains a true Son of the Church.
Had he ſtood right, they might have ſtem'd the Tide
When to ſome Clergy was their Supream Guide:
He taught them *Non Reſiſtance* in his time,
But now they ſay he is a dull Divine.
And when he left them ſole and all Forlorn
Turn'd Cat in Pan to Men of Forty One.
The *Forty Eight Men* were another thing,
By armed Force they did cut off their King:
The *Forty One Men* did not run ſo far,
They only call'd *Delinquents* to the *Bar*:
And if His Majeſty had with them joyn'd,
To make him Happy their Souls had combin'd.
If theſe were Rebels, ſome now are the ſame,
Or elſe our Genious is but weak and lame;

They both are Rebels, or they both are not,
Here lies the ſtreſs of the new *Orange* Plot.
No Circumſtance can make an ill Cauſe Good,
Malum in ſe, will never be *Sweet Wood*;
No *Orange Trees* can have a flagrant ſmell,
Which are produced near the Gates of Hell:
You muſt compound, and for the future ſay,
The *Forty One Men* did not run aſtray;
You did not underſtand the *Good Old Cauſe*
So well as now, for *Liberties* and *Laws*
VVhich was in danger, ſo to make amends,
You muſt them call your *Old Reforming Friends*:
The name of *Rebel* now you muſt leave out,
And ſo confeſs that they were Champions Stout:
For *Liberty* and *Property* like you,
A thing moſt ſtrange, though not ſo ſtrange as true:
Our *Eighty Eight Men*, ſhould they now proceed,
So as to cauſe our Sovereign's Heart to bleed;
VVe here declare, and do proteſt before
Almighty God, we'll never truſt them more:
To *Forty One* they are already come,
But *Forty Eight* was *Devil* upon *Dun*;
To *Forty One* they run upon the ſtreight,
But let them have a care of *Forty Eight*;
That is a *Eog* which will devour us all,
Blow up the *Thames*, and drown our *King's White-hall*:
VVe wiſh them well, and as they ſhall proceed,
VVe'll watch their water as we ſhall have need:

The

The Mighty God, the everlaſting King,
To whom the *Angels Holy Anthems* ſing;
Be thou intreated for this ſinful Land,
Now ſave us all by thy Almighty hand;
Let all our Wars and all our Feuds now ceaſe,
And let *Great James* proclaim a Happy Peace:
Let our drawn *Swords*, our *Guns* and *Battle-Ax*,
Be turn'd at laſt into a whisking *Tax*:
Let *Souldiers* be disbanded one by one,
Save only thoſe that guard the *Royal Throne*;
And when he wants them, let a *Parliament*
Open our *Purſes*, to his Hearts content.
Give him the Hearts of all his Subjects, then
He never will want Money, Arms, nor Men:
This we implore upon our bended Knee,
That *King* and *Parliament* may thus agree:
Then we will ſing, *God Save Great* James *the Juſt*,
And never more *His Royal Word Diſtruſt*:
This *Plot* is better than thoſe *Bloudy Scroles*,
VVhich ſome do *Fear*, from our *Dear Joyes* and *Sholes*,
May be tranſacted in our *City Great*;
Great London know, this cannot do their *Feat*;
If they ſhall come in the *dark ſilent Night*,
Let them now know you are reſolv'd to Fight,
Not dye like *Dogs*, by ſuch *Hobgoblin Elves*,
Killing's no *Murder* to *Preſerve* your ſelves.
Se defendendo is a Point ſo plain,
Dame Nature plants it into each Man's Brain;

which

VVhich God forbid ſhould ever come to paſs,
By *Talbot*'s Dog, or by *Tirconnel*'s Aſs;
But if it ſhould, this Doctrine will come true,
The Sword muſt end what fair Means could not do;
We do preſume, in your Names, to declare
Againſt ſuch *Hell-hounds*, here an open VVar;
And thoſe that will not joyn with you herein,
They are all Rebels to our *Lord* the *King*.
VVe are his Servant, and eat of his *Bread*;
In all things Juſt; Our *Royal Maſter*'s *Head*
VVe muſt *Trim* up, as we have ever done,
And ſo will do, whilſt we can ſee the *Sun*:
VVere we his *Tonſor*, at this preſent time,
VVe'd round his *Royal Ears* with ſuch a Chime,
VVhom he ſhoull truſt, and whom he now ſhould Fear,
No *Orange-Trees*, only the *Roman Chair*;
VVhich we do hope he will, in *God*'s due time,
Then he'll be Nurſe to the true *Chriſtian Line*;
VVhich *God Almighty* grant, for his *Son*'s ſake,
That, in the Graſs, he may diſcern the *Snake*
VVhich ſome had laid, by their prevailing Pate,
In this our Land, to blow up *Church* and *State*:
Heav'ns now protect Him from that *Bloudy Race*,
And in his *Court*, no more, may ſhew their *Face*,
VVho did his *Crown* and *Scepter* ſo much ſhake,
God grant he may, now ſafer *Council* take. *Amen.*

Poſt tenebras ſplendit, ſurgit poſt nubila Phœbus.

F I N I S.